

THE VASHON LOOP

Vol. 23, #09

SERVING VASHON AND ITS NEIGHBORING COMMUNITIES ~ FREE

September 7, 2026

Flocked

By Marc J. Elzenbeck

It's always sunny in San Diego. Even on November 26th, 2025, the start of Thanksgiving weekend, it was still great for driving convertibles. Hugo Parra and Ariel Beltran decided to make that afternoon even better. They hopped into Ariel's red Alfa Romeo and drove from their apartment complex over to the Churchill Cigar Lounge in Old Town. Possibly they relaxed awhile before both were arrested.

About five miles away, a patrol cruiser had responded to a 911 call of an attempted carjacking. Drawing up to the scene, officers observed a suspect speeding away in a red Alfa Romeo, which they called in to their headquarters dispatch desk. Far across town, a camera time-stamped Beltran's car 23 seconds later. Staff soon searched San Diego's new Flock Safety database for hits on a "red Alfa Romeo." They sent backup to Old Town to find and arrest its occupants, presumed armed and dangerous.

Hugo and Ariel seem likely to get a fair amount of money from the city of San Diego for roughly interrupting their cigars, even after dropping the cases against them. Hugo couldn't afford to pay his bail and stayed in jail until December. Their lawyer's name is Alex Coolman and they're suing for false arrest, unreasonable detention, negligence, failure to perform follow-up investigations, and damages to reputation. Their apartment complex had its own surveillance cameras, which proved they were nowhere near the crime.

San Diego was more interested in using its powerful Flock

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Image by Anne Gordon, www.annegordonimagery.com



Haka on Vashon!

By Erin Durrett

Friday September 18th we on Vashon will have a chance to learn the sacred dance of fire, passion, devotion to the ancestors, the Earth, and all beings – haka, the great dance of the Māori people of Aotearoa, New Zealand. This ancient dance carries powerful symbolism and spiritual power, and is fun and easy enough for everyone in the family to do. The indigenous Māori have shared this tradition with all people, and it has become a celebration of shared human sovereignty.

My first glimpse of the haka was the celebration at the end of the film *Whale Rider*. As I watched Māori villagers dancing on the beach, the energy, pride, and love of their community captivated me. A search of the internet brought me to videos of the All Blacks, New Zealand's rugby team. They do a haka before every match as a challenge to the opposing team – wow! Haka is also done by friends and family at traditional Māori weddings, and as a way for the community to honor the dead at their passing.

There is a great YouTube video of a young Māori member of the NZ parliament starting a haka on the house floor while slowly tearing up a bill that would degrade the rights of the Māori people – and she was joined by the hundreds of people watching the proceedings from the gallery! This was a thundering moment not only of truth to power – this was truth **from** power, the voice of the power of the people!

Amelia Butler, is founder of Learn Māori Abroad, an online academy where she and her staff teach Te Ao Māori – the cultural and spiritual traditions of her home country, as well as Te Reo Māori – the indigenous language of Aotearoa, New Zealand. She will be teaching haka on Friday, September 18th from 6-8pm at the Tree of Life Center, 17331 Vashon Hwy SW. Cost is \$55 pre-paid (Venmo@AmeliaButler), \$65 at the door.

Haka is for the whole family, so if you have kids and family members who'd like to come, let Amelia know and she'll give you a family rate. Email her at: learnmaoriabroad@gmail.com

Amelia will also be offering a few one-on-one sessions of mirimiri, the traditional healing modality of Aotearoa New Zealand. Mirimiri is a hands-on body work practice that taps into the emotional, spiritual and relational realms, offering support to all parts of you. This is a powerful practice for clearing ancestral/stuck/stagnant energy and restoring balance and equilibrium to your being, bringing you back into your center to a place of wholeness so you can move forward in your life with clarity and ease. Sessions are \$150/hour. To book a session call Amelia: 818-284-5007 or email her at the address above.

For more info or help with questions you can also contact Vashon resident Erin Durrett: Thunderin42@pm.me



Amelia Butler

Honoring Autumn: Food as Stewardship

By Emilia Flor

As the light shifts and the air turns crisp, we step into Autumn with open hands and full hearts – the season of harvest, of orchards heavy with fruit, waters rich with salmon, and farms giving up their bounty before the ground rests. This Autumn, we return to values ...

Regenerative agriculture. Farmers and ranchers who work the land. Fishermen who still read the tides. Farm-to-table, local food, farmland worth preserving, communities worth strengthening – conscious consumption, whole food systems.

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Hoot hoot!

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Designing for Dignity: Inclusion, Safety, and the Truth about Trans Spaces

In last month’s issue of The Loop, a guest piece questioned the inclusion of transgender individuals in public life, raising concerns about privacy, facilities, medical care, and community values. Open dialogue is part of what makes Vashon vibrant, but when public commentary touches on human rights and health, our conversation must be grounded in facts, accurate statistics, and empathy rather than fear.

A central argument in the piece relied on concern for Muslim families, asserting that “4.5 million American Muslim families” are displaced by trans-inclusive facility policies. From a factual standpoint, this statistic is incorrect. Demographers estimate the total population of all Muslim individuals of all ages in the United States to be around 3.5 to 3.8 million, making the total number of families closer to 1 million.*

Beyond the numbers, Islamic traditions around modesty (Haya) deserve a nuanced look rather than a sweeping generalization. Single-occupancy, lockable gender-neutral restrooms already fully align with traditional Islamic guidelines. In larger, multi-stall facilities, challenges can arise for women

Letters to the Editor

who wear a hijab and need a private space to adjust their headscarf away from shared sinks.

This is where good design comes in. From an architectural perspective, inclusive spaces are an upgrade. By equipping full-height, fully private stalls with internal mirrors and small washbasins, we can grant Muslim women total privacy to adjust a headscarf while ensuring the overall facility remains safe, efficient, and accessible to everyone. Combined with open entryways that maintain high visibility in primary common areas, thoughtful design increases safety for all users. If our primary community goal is truly protecting women and youth, the most practical solution is to build more single-occupancy family restrooms or dedicated children’s facilities.

Safety, however, cannot be framed around panic over who enters a restroom. The reality is that you cannot spot a predator, a mentally ill person, or someone with a fetish simply by looking at them, and that applies to both men and women. No one undergoes the immense social stigma, risk of bullying, and threat of violence associated with being trans just to enter a public restroom. Meanwhile, forcing a female-passing transgender woman into a men’s room puts her at severe,

immediate risk of harassment and assault. Transgender people are not entering public facilities to “flaunt” themselves; they are simply trying to navigate daily life with basic safety and dignity.

Critics often suggest that support for trans inclusion is born of spoon-fed media narratives, but nothing could be further from the truth. Those of us supporting trans family members, friends, and neighbors have done the research because it is our loved ones whose lives and well-being are on the line. Decisions around gender-affirming care are carefully managed alongside doctors, social workers, and medical experts who weigh potential treatment side effects against the devastating, well-documented risks of forced suppression, including severe isolation, bullying, and suicide. Most parents would choose to manage a medication’s side effects over losing their child.

When it comes to competitive sports, binary divisions based strictly on gender have always been a blunt instrument. A more forward-thinking approach is grouping athletes physically by skill level, weight class, or performance tier rather than gender identity, ensuring every athlete competes where they fit best.

Vashon has long prided itself on being a sanctuary of kindness, understanding, and acceptance. Queer and trans islanders are our neighbors, children, coworkers, and friends. They already face immense external pressure and hostility in the wider world. The very last place they should feel unwelcome or unsafe is right here at home on Vashon.

~ Rachel Waldron

** Editor’s note: No authoritative count exists, but in the 2020 Census, about 4.5 million Muslim individuals lived in the U.S, not 4.5 million Muslim families.*

Letter to the Editor

“Hate” is the ultimate negative emotion. And yet, it is totally overused. If someone takes a position you don’t like, or heaven forbid, you cannot factually refute, you call them a “hater” who is using “hate speech.”

That is the problem. When everything is hate speech, nothing is hate speech.

It just so happens that the same week The Loop published the controversial article by March Twisdale, I was confronted by a man while walking at Frog Holler. When the encounter became hostile, I turned and walked away. He called after me that I was a “hippie, faggot,” which is interesting since I am a cis man, then yelled that I was walking funny as a result of being “f***** up the a***”.

How can anyone claim what Twisdale wrote was hate speech, compared to the vitriol I encountered?

Given the Island’s demographics, it is fair to believe the dozens of people who attacked The Loop and encouraged it and its advertisers be boycotted, also support the Save Democracy movement in response to the current Administration.

But wait! Isn’t the Constitution an important part of Democracy? And yet, these “supporters” of democracy are opposing (Article 1) which protects Freedom of Speech and Freedom of the Press.

~ By an anonymous Island resident who hopes to live here for the rest of his life

The Vashon Loop is published monthly

King County Permitting Office Hours on Vashon!

Do you have permitting questions that are burning to be answered?

King County Permitting Acting Director, Mark Rowe, will hold office hours on Vashon Island in the Chamber of Commerce building, 17141 Vashon Hwy SW #101

On the second Tuesday of each month, 10:30 a.m. – 3:00 p.m.

September 8th
October 13th
November 10th

Schedule an appointment by contacting Judy Brizendine at jbrizendine@kingcounty.gov



The Vashon Loop

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at Vashon Library
(inside at the back)

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October 14th**

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or 206-491-3761
miguel.urquiza@kingcounty.gov

You can also apply for food stamps and the ORCA Lift reduced fare program

Theater on Vashon, VCA, and Ghost Boat

By Rich Osborne

It has been a good summer for performances. We saw “Rent” at the Vashon Center for the Arts.

Spectacular. Strong cast, great musicians, the whole meal deal. A well-deserved standing ovation. I laughed, I cried, I remembered what it was like, performing in New York, in the late seventies. (Yes! I was there. I lived six blocks from where Jonathon Larson created that show.)

We also saw “One Thing after Another” at the O Space. The first production from Ghost Boat Theater. The opening performance of this unique take on the Odyssey was so well done.

A small audience, no spectacular sets, but wonderfully inventive ways to deal with a small budget.

And funny? OMG! So funny. Immersive theater at its best.

Last weekend, we saw “The Wren.” A piece by our dear friend Kat Eggleston.

Kat blended music and theater. With Holly Tuttle on the Irish whistle

and Karen Dale on the fiddle, Kat played interstitial music. Irish Reels and Jigs and I don’t know what else, but it was fantastic.

She blended her history in Chicago with her music that we love so well.

Kevin Joyce, played Robin, the title character and was simply “loovly.”

Kat added social commentary.

The heavies, the Wren Boys, or were they the Ice Boys?

The chill we feel when we see the acts of our government today.

This was not a warm and friendly production, although the scenes in the bar had all of that and more.

But “The Wren” made me think. It made me feel.

And while it’s gone for now, it may return, some winter’s day.

Till then, catch the next “Ghost Boat” production.

You will be so glad you did.

Cheers!

Flocked

Continued from Front Page

Safety software tools. Images were allegedly unable to provide a positive match on the Alfa Romeo’s license plate, but did return a lock on its model and color. That is not surprising, but interesting. It means the company, a startup financed by venture capital firm Andreessen Horwitz, has built a vehicle recognition model from previously collected data continuously gleaned by its nationwide network. Like recognizing speech or faces, but funner. It is now advanced enough to identify a fairly rare vehicle – perhaps about 5,000 old red Alfa Romeo convertibles are still rolling around the U.S.

False arrest stories are popping up everywhere. A mom in Milwaukee, Wisconsin was arrested because her vehicle was red-flagged and not properly removed from the camera’s database watchlist, and she claims a resulting job loss. Robert Dillon of Fort Myers, Florida, is suing the city of Jacksonville Beach for using an incorrect facial recognition result to falsely arrest him on charges of luring a minor. He was 300 miles away. Nationally, law enforcement officers of every rank are being sued and fired for using automated systems to check up on spouses, love interests, or to track and harass exes and personal enemies. “Digital stalking” is becoming a legal term of art.

These cameras and their software are effective, with impressive recognition accuracy, but they still make very expensive mistakes. They are not merely Automatic License Plate Readers (ALPRs.) They are often combined with full-spectrum, networked, always-on radio-frequency harvest devices. These read every passing vehicle’s Bluetooth. Cell phones. Screens. Tire pressure monitors. Radio-frequency identification devices; if you or your dog are micro-chipped, they read that.



Flock’s public relations department has claimed that all municipal police records are deleted after 30 days; facing waves of backlash, they recently reduced that deletion claim to a suggested 7 days. But in the ways we commonly use and understand words, these are not correct assertions.

As it happens, I have collected and analyzed large amounts of digitized data. I’ve written data collection contracts and negotiated for and against technology companies and partners. I don’t think of myself as an “expert” in this field because no one in AI truly knows what they’re doing. It’s a work in progress, akin to how scientists nicknamed the first atomic bomb “The Gadget.”

What I do know is you don’t un-collect valuable data, and if you’re building, say, a proprietary new vehicle recognition model or need to decode a license plate from an acute angle in poor light, you’ll save every last kilobyte. Because you can’t know exactly what you’re looking for in advance. So I got Flock’s contract with the City of Houston and sat down with it over a coffee.

Flock collects everything they want. My impression from their contract is they intend to guard their collected data forever, like a dragon lying atop a mound of treasure in a deep, dark cave. Much as I would do. The contract’s wording indicates they can time-limit local departments from accessing records stored locally or on the company’s servers; it states checking a past record is possible, but expressly not guaranteed, and requires a court order. As one clause points out, federal agencies and third parties are not necessarily so constrained. None of which sounds like “delete.”

At last count, there are about 2,200 Flock cameras in Washington State. None yet on Vashon, but cameras are everywhere, including on most of our easily trackable cell phones. In its wisdom, Flock has acquired a drone company called Aerodome (another Andreessen startup) for \$300 million. The idea is to hover drones at an altitude of 400 feet above roads, to remotely provide real-time law enforcement info and feed 360-degree optical data into Flock’s networks.

This class of drones is capable of zooming in on a subject’s face from over a mile away with thermal imaging for night or day detection. These could be dispatched to scenes in advance, leveraging police time. Hard to imagine a locale better suited for that technology than Vashon.

In Winona, Wisconsin, unknown vandals cut down all the Flock installations. Their police chief recently stated they wouldn’t be replaced, as the citizens obviously do not want them. In Union Township, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati-Dayton, a man named Cody Morelock cut a Flock installation off at the base, then destroyed it where it fell. Prosecutors brought a charge of felony vandalism against him, good for six months to one year in jail.

A grand jury convened last month, dismissing the case against Mr. Morelock. The name caught my ear: in H.G. Wells’ 1895 novella *The Time Machine*, the Morlocks were a race of burly subterranean monsters who would emerge to snatch the surface-dwelling Eloi. The far-future relationship between the Morlocks and the Eloi was complex and confusing, but symbiotic. As it turned out, it was the Morlocks who raised, cared for, and sometimes ate the Eloi.

Hopefully, ongoing push-back and developing sensible safeguards for similar digital surveillance tools won’t have to go quite that far.

Victors But No Winners



By Emily Kiefer

Many of you likely remember the craze *The Hunger Games* had on pop culture and teen fiction in the 2010s. Well, as of March of last year, many fans re-entered the world of *The Hunger Games* with Suzanne Collins’ newest installment of the series,

Sunrise on the Reaping. Her newest novel joins *The Ballad of Songbirds and Snakes*, her previous work, as prequels to the original trilogy.

Sunrise on the Reaping is reminiscent of *Catching Fire*, with a new kind of terror that I hadn’t thought possible in the horror-heavy world Collins previously crafted.

This novel follows Haymitch Abernathy, who many will remember from the original trilogy as Katniss and Peeta’s District 12 mentor who aided their victory in the games from afar. In these original books, he’s known as a wildcard drunkard who is, at best, unreliable and friendless. In *Sunrise on the Reaping*, however, we open on his sixteenth birthday, which also happens to be the yearly reaping day where two children, one boy and one girl ages 12-18, are chosen from each of the twelve districts to compete in the Hunger Games.

The Haymitch we open on is as happy as a kid can be while living in the poorest district in Panem on reaping day, with several close

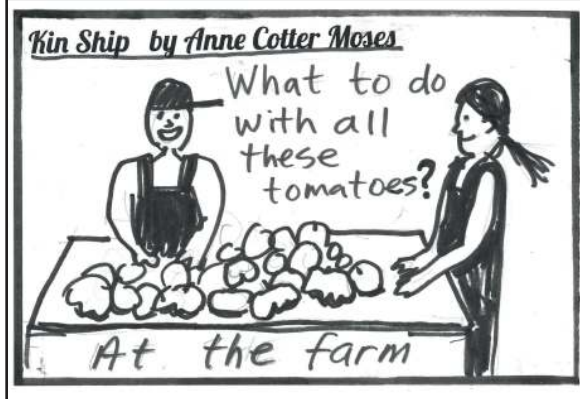
friends and a girlfriend he’s desperately in love with. Our immediate question is, how does this Haymitch in *Sunrise on the Reaping* transform into the bitter and lonely man we see in the later timeline?

Our question soon begins to be answered as he is unjustly chosen in this year’s reaping, which also has double the amount of tributes due to the special nature of it being the 50th annual Hunger Games. Now one boy out of 47 other children intent on survival, Haymitch is thrust into a deceptively beautiful arena with one goal: to do something to make the Capitol hurt. There can be no more Hunger Games, and Haymitch is determined to ensure that the sun never rises on a reaping day again.

Incredibly written, with many takes on relevant themes like the power of propaganda, with Collins remarking that everyone is complicit in propaganda and it is an extremely difficult thing to break out of. Not to spoil the ending, but Haymitch’s journey is nothing short of devastating, and it is very likely that you may shed some tears (or sobs) while finishing up the book.

Collins’s newest novel sheds some much-needed light on the background of one of the point characters from the original trilogy, and reading it prompted me to go back and re-consume the trilogy with my newfound context. The book is also being adapted into a feature film releasing this November, which I am both enthusiastic and entirely terrified to see.

I highly recommend this book, just as I highly encourage you to have a box of tissues close by while indulging.



Vashon! The DSHS Van will be here



Thursday, September 24th
10:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.

At the Presbyterian Church
17708 Vashon Hwy SW

Magnificent Ruins

Part Three: Wingehaven, Shakespeare’s Shack, MacDonald’s Farm

By Richard Odell

Mike Sudduth, classmate, fellow Beall Greenhouse potting-shed drudge, and Vashon historical researcher, lent a hand with this article.

Down deep into the canyon below the Falcon’s Nest, down to where you could hear waves break on the beach, you came upon another monumental relic; a nestled world of its own that died quietly while a war raged elsewhere.

But a young family had come to live and play there, now, and my brother and I came to play there, too. This new family named the grounds Wingehaven, after themselves, hanging one more shingle on a place that had borne a few. The appellation of its glory days, “Twickenham Estates,” had by then been forgotten.

It’s yet rumored bootlegger money got involved there, at some point in its checkered past. Any such might have been at home amidst the New Money ostentation, evidenced by the high concrete bulkhead, with the balustrade and boat-launch, the fountain and brick barbecue, the circular drive lined with boxwood, the tennis court, the five-car garage, the bungalow, and the apple orchard.

Higher, still, up the drive, was the dense, dark, filbert orchard and the broad Koi pond, which, in Carl Winge Sr.’s opinion, might have held more bottles of hooch than it ever did fish, though reports on file tell of aquatic enterprises supposedly wiped out by flash floods (rather strange, in an otherwise dry sort of watershed). I may be dense, but I saw no sign of the other twelve fishponds or the two swimming pools supposedly there. In any case, all this was left for whoever might share the wavering candleflame of its last hour.

Throughout the years, whenever I would read stories played out on grand estates, I’d place Wingehaven as a setting in my mind, yet when I returned there some years back, to visit the youngest Winge in her little cabin above the apple orchard, I saw the old foundation of the vanished house and was shocked by how small it now seemed.

It was a good house, not a great house. True, it had been struck once by fire, handily quenched by

Island Voices

the same luckless soul, a Mr. Taylor, who shortly before had suffered the flash flood (fire and rain in one spell, for Mr. Taylor). Perhaps some parts had gone missing. It had a tiny den for dad, a stone fireplace, a roofed deck, morning sunshine, a broad green lawn (which subsequent residents would pay me to mow). The upstairs quarters were rather cramped.

Perhaps here was the key to the shortfall of what might have been: that after the high bulkhead and balustrade, the boat launch, the brick barbecue, the fountain, the circular drive with the boxwood hedge, the tennis court, the apple orchard, the bungalow, the five-car garage, the filbert orchard, and the koi pond, enough cash was left only for a house any flush, 20th century American middle-class family might build for themselves.

Men built monuments to themselves, only to have their names go missing. Yet who was Shakespeare, one had to wonder, and why did the little shack he left behind still bear his name, even after being all but overcome with blackberries and alder?

Up Cunliffe Road, from Wingehaven, you and your buddies paused your walk near the top of the ravine, where you could hear cars rushing by on the highway above, and looked down into the brambles at the blackened-cedar, toothless old abode, now falling in on itself. “Shakespeare’s Shack,” someone intoned, and let it go at that. You pictured some old, secretly wise misfit, known only to the children, whose life ebbed away just as the blackberry canes, in perfect harmony, broke upon the roof.*

*Our own William Shakespeare, it turns out, was an energetic entrepreneur of the '30s, whose many exploits included a milk and bakery route, one which likely placed him on the doorstep of many Islanders. Small wonder his name long outlived him.

Continuing along Cunliffe, just before one met the main highway, there was, on the right, a little



Two Books by Betty MacDonald

footpath carved out by my brother and his buddies. It led back through the trees to MacDonald’s Farm, which back then was abandoned. This was not the MacDonald of song, but of prose: the noted writer Betty MacDonald of *Onions in the Stew* and *The Egg and I*, both of which put Vashon on the map for a spell. Her story of the orphans, Nancy and Plum, was read to us by Mrs. Graham in second grade. Her Ma and Pa Kettle characters found work in Hollywood. We kids had the run of the place now, though, with the decent house being inexplicably empty.

In the loft of the barn there were stacks of *Life* magazines from the fifties. Whether these or any of the other artifacts we found there had been Betty MacDonald’s, one couldn’t be sure. Nor could it be determined that the homebrew my brother and the eldest Winge kid – the same cohort with whom he’d nearly torched the bunkhouse at The Falcon’s Nest – had found and then stashed along the footpath, had any literary heritage.

They shouldn’t have shown me the cache, but they did, and I suppose it had to happen. And I suppose it would make a good story, my getting drunk for the first time ever, at age 13, on Betty MacDonald’s beer. Upon reflection, it would explain a lot. But that would have made the beer pretty old. In closing out my mother’s estate, I found tucked away among her files an obituary done for MacDonald by the Islander News Record. McDonald and family moved away to a cattle ranch in Carmel in 1955. No surprise, there. In 1955, when you’ve got it made, you move to Carmel.

One day, my brother brought home a prism from the barn at MacDonald’s. There seemed no shame or guilt associated with this bit of plunder. For a while, the three-inch, triangular shaft sat on the sunny windowsill above the kitchen sink. Often in winter, when the sun was low, I would study the little rainbow it cast on the spice cabinet. Sometime later, my mother transferred the piece to a sunless place above the dining room buffet, at the end of the railing that held her teacup collection. It was still there, some 40 years later, as I gathered the teacups and packed them away.

Left: Newspaper announcement of the opening of “Shakespeare’s Inn” in Vashon Heights.



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In the Valley with God

By Mike Ivaska

Last month I wrote about finding God in nature (and people), and one of the things I mentioned was how easy it is to find God in nature when you live somewhere like Vashon. Nature here is, largely, peaceful and safe. Bad vibes, should any be found, tend to come from the people and the noise rather than the deer, the squirrels, or the mostly mild weather.

I also said that the sweet beauty of nature shouldn't turn us off to the reality that God is at work in humanity, too. He is at work among the restaurants, the tourists, the catty Facebook groups, and the real estate agents selling old, small houses for way too much money.

And God, I said, even shows up in funny places like church.

I wanted to build on that idea this month, and even had an article worked out in my head, when I read about the destructive flood in Nepal. I watched a few videos of the river swallowing up people and buildings and struggled to even believe they were real. And I was reminded again how tame most of my experience of nature has been.

As an American Christian, it is easy for me to think of God in the same sort of way I experience nature on Vashon: Tame, safe, gentle, and kind. But what would I think of God if my family was swept away in Nepal's flood?

I have to admit, it would be hard. Harder than I can imagine.

One of my fears as a father is that I won't succeed in helping my daughter understand that God is good even when life is bad. Being formed in the faith myself by a mother with lifelong chronic seizures, I was inoculated against the idea that God only gets to exist if I'm happy with how things are

going. But will my child hold onto God when life has turned dark? That's my hope and my prayer.

In his book, *The Lord of Psalm 23*, David Gibson writes of the Shepherd who guides his sheep through dark valleys. If you aren't familiar with the psalm (and you probably are, even if you don't realize it), you'll find it alongside this article in the English Standard Version.

Gibson points out that this psalm, which most of us associate with funerals, wasn't considered a funeral psalm until after the Civil War. It became associated with funerals for a variety of reasons, but prior to that, the psalm was always considered a psalm about life. God shepherds the individual (in this case, King David) the same way he shepherded ancient Israel. Our basic needs are all met. We are given food (green grass) and drink (still waters). Our souls are given rest. We are led on the path of life that is right.

Sounds a lot like life on Vashon.

But then there's that thing about "the valley of the shadow of death." It could be translated simply, "the valley of deep darkness," for that's what the Hebrew says. But there's ample evidence such language is meant to convey the presence of death, and the experience of walking in its shadow. (This is, of course, one way the psalm serves so well as a funeral psalm.)

What the psalmist is saying is not just that God is with us when we die, or that he takes our loved ones to heaven. He is saying that the "right path" God leads us on in life *includes the darkness*, even the presence and threat of death. Sometimes God takes us into the dark valley.

But the Shepherd keeps walking with us through the dark valley, where shadows are long and the Shepherd can't be seen. These are times when our faith matters most.

There's a small book from the Middle Ages,

written by the cook of a monastery, called "The Practice of the Presence of God." That's a good phrase. God is present. He is always present. He is present in our consciences and in our communities. He is present in the "still, small voice" (1 Kings 19:11-12), and also in the valley of the shadow of death (Psalm 23). But we still have to practice that presence. We have to learn the skill of noticing and believing that presence, especially for those times when the presence cannot be noticed, proven, or felt.

And that is what I meant by God showing up even in something as funny as church (which often feels nothing like a green pasture with still water). Because church is where we *practice* that presence. It's the place where our souls can prepare for the valley.

Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters.
He restores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.



You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

Laptops for Less

By Andy Valencia

As I mentioned last month, laptops tend to be tougher on the budget than a desktop PC. Buyers want a big, bright screen, a keyboard with a crisp feel, and lightning-fast performance. All this while everything is paper-thin and weighs less than your phone. Oh, and it runs all day on one charge.

The laptop makers will try to oblige, but you are going to pay dearly for such cutting-edge technology. I don't want to discourage you, but living within a modest budget requires compromise. A budget laptop is more like blue jeans than something from Saks Fifth Avenue.

If your budget can handle \$700, Apple is offering the MacBook Neo. It gets rave reviews, and as a new, in-warranty device, it should work well for years to come. Everything you buy for it will cost more - the so-called "Apple tax" - so be sure to factor in the cost of peripherals and any commercial software you need. I don't buy Apple products myself, but have to acknowledge that they've done a good job with their entry-level Mac product.

Does that \$700 also need to cover some gas, groceries, and rent? There are cheaper options. If you have children in the school district, you probably have seen them using "Chromebook" devices. These are laptops, with the hardware integrated into Google's Chrome browser. But they are far more than school-kid devices - they automatically update themselves and reinstall their software if anything gets muddled. You sign on to your Google account, and all of your Google docs and Gmail are right there.

Chromebooks are manufactured by the millions, and a quality refurbished Chromebook will cost around \$150. There are \$50 offerings, and I've had some of those actually turn out fine. But a vendor who moves hundreds of them will be good at making sure the device is clean, unlocked, boots, and has a battery that will hold a charge. \$150 is a solid price point these days.

If your Chromebook is stolen or destroyed, buy or borrow another one. Sign in with your Google account, and your life can continue. This is "living in the cloud," and Chromebooks plus Google

services works extremely well. There are stories out there of Google accounts suddenly disappearing, so you still want backups - Google Takeout is the way to get a snapshot of your digital world from Google.

Be aware that Google is getting to launch a significantly more expensive device called a Googlebook. They're being quite coy about price, but given the global RAM price inflation, my guess is it'll come in closer to the \$700 of the MacBook Neo rather than the great price of your typical Chromebook. I'm planning on a wait-and-see approach.

If you want a "real" laptop, things are currently not so great. For years, corporations would dump all their laptops and buy new ones every year or two. Modern hardware in good shape was cheap and plentiful. Money is tighter now, and the supply of such laptops has dried up.

You might find something OK on eBay or Craigslist, but a better bet is an old laptop gifted to you by a friend or family member. It'll probably have a slow and stale Windows, so dig up my article on installing Linux from our June issue, and have your best techie family member convert the laptop to Linux. It'll run much faster, and will even

Missing a Headlight?

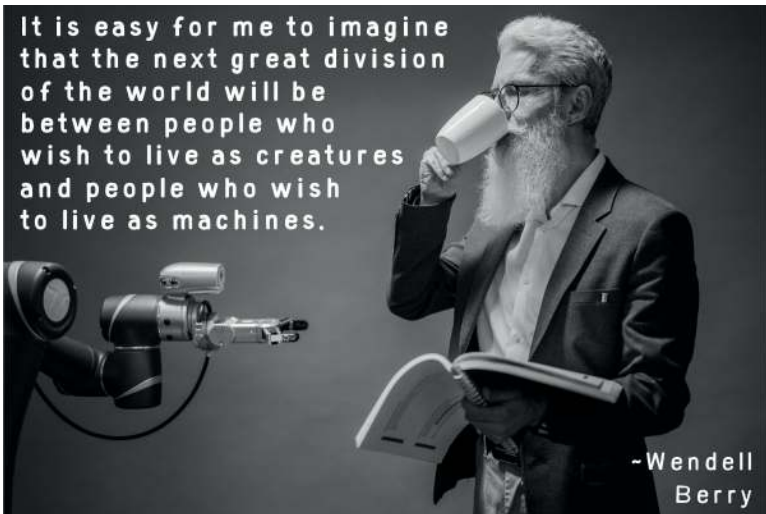


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What’s Next?

By Gates (Pam) Johnson

I am about sick and tired of talking about my stupid health. Long story short, yeah, I have some major health problems. Yeah, it’s been a long hellacious journey. Yeah, it ain’t over yet, but the big stuff is in the rear-view mirror.

Now it’s time to focus on the future. But before we slide into the positive, I’d like to throw out some things that have been said to me in the last few months. Not necessarily fun at the time, but they sure make me laugh now.

1. “Your color is great.” Why? Did I used to be green?
2. “Your face will get back to normal. Just give it some time.” Thank you for reminding me that my face does not look normal right now. I forgot that for a minute until you reminded me.
3. “I thought you had the mumps.” My back surgeon said this when I went in for a six-month check-up. He wasn’t aware that I had major jaw surgery and that was the reason I was still pretty swollen.
4. “You look like you have Bells Palsy.” Sorry that my smile isn’t the same on both sides but my darn jawbone was recently replaced with part of my scapula. Hopefully the smile will even out in the coming months.
5. “I knew this guy who was diagnosed with the same thing you have and six months later he was dead.” Just why? That one threw me for a loop. It’s not really what one should say to a person going through cancer treatment.

Okay. Enough of the whining. I am still a bit goofy-looking but much better than I was. Now it’s time to look forward and there are some big things to look forward to.

I am going to be a great-grandma in January! My perfectly wonderful granddaughter Emma is having a girl. Of course, I am way too young to be a great, but here ya go. Didn’t have much say in the matter.

We are planning a baby shower here on my deck in the next few weeks. Emma is her mother’s daughter in that she loves horses. I got her mother a pony (Debbie) when I first discovered I was pregnant. Emma had Pink Stardust until she outgrew her. Now it’s time for a new generation of horsey girls.

Did you know there are onesies that say “I’m here. Where is my pony?” And “Am I too little to ask for a pony?” You can find anything on the interweb, and I found them. I am knitting like a maniac. Sweaters. Blankets. Projects to keep me occupied while I recover.

I haven’t put on or attended a baby shower in about forever. Where does one begin in the planning process? First off, I guess we need a guest list. Emma and Colby live near Vancouver, and his family is down there too. Colby’s mom is planning a shower for that group. I get to host the north family. The guest list will be minimal, probably about 15 or 20. My deck can handle that if the weather cooperates. We could set up a croquet court in the backyard.

The menu is a slam dunk. Smash burgers on the flattop and all the associated accoutrements. Cake or a giant sheet pie? I will ask Emma what she prefers. A sheet black bottom banana cream pie is pretty awesome and easy to make. Maybe both.

Games? Emma said she doesn’t like shower games but I thought they were expected. I recall a couple of dumb games, one where you have a basket of baby stuff and people have a minute to look at it then remember what the items were. Winner gets a prize.

I think there are some disgusting games involving diapers, but those are a hard pass. Maybe one little game TBD. And then ... what the heck does the winner get? Baby-related? We are all past that stage. A lotto ticket or five? A Ma Johnson pie gift certificate? Help me out here, people. I’m in the dark on this one.

Decorations? Is that a thing? What kind and how much? Streamers? Candles? I was thinking, since it will be on the deck, paper plates and

napkins and plastic utensils. Argh! Decisions! I am over my head and out of my comfort zone.

Then out of the blue, I was invited to a baby shower! Not only will it be a nice get-together, it will also be a fact-finding mission. I can see what works and what does not. Ideas on decorations and games. I think this party will be outside also, so there is more incoming information for me. This is fortuitous. Should I take a little note pad or depend on my memory? Don’t want to be too obvious in my covert operation.

What else is going on in my near future? There are the trips to the cancer clinic for infusions every six weeks, but those are easy. It only involves finding someone willing to drive me, drinking a gallon or two of water the day before, and planning on a whole day in town. Oh, then sleeping when I get home because fatigue is a side effect of the drug. Slam dunk.

Now that my kitchen and deck are upgraded, I am thinking on the next project. My house could use repainting.

My nephew did some clearing for me and now I have a spot I think would be perfect for a little garage for my Bronco. Need to talk to my son about permits and sizes and all building-related things.

Those two projects are on the big side. Right now, I have to concentrate on my garden. The tomatoes are beginning to ripen. Time to pick them, roast them, and make sauce and tomato soup.

Oh, that brings me to a big thing I am working on. My cookbook! All the recipes are entered. All the photos are downloaded. An editor is waiting in the wings, we just have to set up a time to meet. Who knows? Maybe it will be ready to print in time for Christmas gifts!

So here it is. Yes, I have some health issues to deal with, but there are so many fun and interesting things for me to look forward to. Places to go, things to do, and people to see. On to the next chapter.

Editor's note: To pre-order Gates' cookbook, contact her directly or via editor@vashonloop.com.

The Weeds In Concert – September 16th

By Karen Dale

Even before I became a Irish fiddler, I was already a fan of Molly’s Revenge, a Celtic and Old Time trad music trio who often played the Bethel Church on Vashon. To see David Brewer dancing about under a set of highland pipes nearly as big as he was, with John Weed whip-sawing out fiddle runs and backed by Stewart Mason’s steady guitar, was truly to see a firecracker of a show.

Most trad newbies soon sign up for summer music camps, and in 2018 when I heard that the three all taught at Mendocino’s famous “Lark Camp,” I signed up. Here at an old CCC camp in the Mendocino Woodlands, there’s three simultaneous music camps – a Balkan camp, a camp for trad musics of the Americas, and a Northern camp for Irish, Scottish, French, and Scandinavian musics. Four, actually, for there’s also a Youth Track.

On the outback stage devoted to Lark Camp’s Youth Track, I spotted – heard, actually – a lickety-split banjo run coming from a kid with dark, floppy hair and an outsized sweatshirt. He MIGHT have been all of ten years old. “Oh, that’s Tyler, one of the Weed boys,” said my companion. “Their father teaches the fiddle track. Little Evan next to him; he’s musical, too”

Wow, I thought – if they’re John’s kids, they’re kids to watch.

At the end of COVID, I got word of a yard concert with John Weed and son Tyler, backed by Portland guitarist Cary Novotry. Tyler, then 15, was playing both mandolin and tenor banjo. I was impressed yet again.

Meanwhile, younger brother Evan had taken up Celtic harp and jazz piano during the pandemic, and had started composing tunes. John of course was posting videos of his sons’ musical exploits; I

was rather startled to hear a jazz turn coming out of the Weed living room. According to the press release John sent out, Evan won a position in the nationally ranked SFJAZZ High School All-Star Big Band, only the third eighth-grader in 40 years to do so. Last year, Evan became a 2025 National Young Arts Winner in the categories of composition and jazz piano.

Now Band-Daddy John is touring with both of his talented sons up and down the West Coast. They’ll be on Vashon on Wednesday, September 16th at the Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit. Doors open at 7:00 p.m., with the concert to begin at 7:30 p.m.. Suggested donation is \$25. Evan’s composition “Supernatural” provides the title of their new CD, inspired “by a particularly fruity African coffee roasted by fiddler and band-daddy John Weed.”

John says, “Enjoy a musical journey that begins and ends in ancient Ireland, venturing ‘across the pond’ to explore influences from Appalachian mountain hollers to occasional hints of modern jazz. The folk process unfolds as John enjoys a musical conversation with two of the next generation’s rising stars. Hearing sophisticated arrangements of driving Irish jigs, reels, and slower heartfelt selections, you’ll leave uplifted, knowing the future is in good hands as The Weeds raises your spirits, honoring this tradition with a vital, new voice.”



The Weeds -
Tyler, Evan, and John



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An Elephant for Her Birthday!

By Suzanna Leigh

It was my mother Marj’s 102nd Birthday celebration, and the family were gathered around. The traditional feast was consumed, the dishes washed, and the gluten-free pineapple upside-down cake served and eaten. It was time for presents. Mom carefully, with some help, unwrapped an oddly shaped gift from daughter Jeannie – and her smile lit the whole room!

Inside the colorful paper was a little gray crocheted elephant. She turned it around to admire every side of it, the floppy ears, the long trunk, the soft body, then set it on the table. Next, a colorful tiny key fob elephant emerged from the wrapping. Penny, Mom’s 9 year-old great-granddaughter, arranged the rest of Mom’s elephant herd to welcome the newcomers.

Mom feels a special connection with elephants these days. Her herd consists of half a dozen or so elephants no more than three inches high, one of green jade, one of polished wood, one black enamel elephant with a painted-on blanket, an elephant puzzle piece, a white stone elephant, and now an elephant of yarn and a tiny key fob elephant.

“Mother, do you remember riding an elephant in Thailand?” Jeannie asked.

“Oh yes!” Mom exclaimed.

Jeannie continued, “I remember the path was so narrow that there was only room for one elephant foot at a time. On one side of the path, there was a bank like a wall, on the other side a drop down hundreds of feet where you could look over the whole countryside. Mom, you kept saying, ‘Wow, look at the view, see the little cars!’, but I was too scared. I only



Illustration by Suzanna Leigh

wanted to look the other way, at the side of the hill.”

Mom smiled, remembering.

Jeannie had another memory. “I remember when we were in England when I was about five or six years old. There was a live elephant giving rides in a park. I wanted to ride it so badly, but the line was long and father said, ‘later.’ Later, the elephant wasn’t giving rides, so we rode the camel

instead. For years I told people Father wouldn’t let me ride the elephant. Then, five decades later when we went to Thailand to visit cousin Riki, I didn’t really want to ride an elephant, but Father insisted. Now I tell people he made me ride the elephant!”

“It was so hot!” Mom remembered. She told us how the elephant went down into the river, filled its trunk with water, then gave its riders a cooling shower. “It was taking care of us!” She said.

A few days later, I asked Mom if she enjoyed her birthday party.

“Oh yes! So many people!” She especially loved that both her sons, John and Steve, were there, also Jeannie, Jeannie’s daughter Amber, and Amber’s daughter Penny – four generations! Jeannie and Amber had come up from Oregon the day before and my brother John and my son Jeremy had endured a long, long ferry line to come from Seattle.

And she remembered the elephants. She picked up the jade one from the table. With a big smile, she told me how cared for she felt when the elephant waded carefully into the river, picked up water in its trunk, and cooled her with a shower.

Here is a woman who has cared for everyone around her all her life. Even as a child, she cared for her younger brothers and sisters. She still cares deeply if she feels that someone is hurt. Decades later, she remembers with joy how the elephant cared for her. Now I understand why she loves elephants so much!

News You May Have Missed



- Who's grabbing all the old books?
- The true rate of unemployment
- A missing underscore and unjust jail time

Read the stories:
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Two Poems (and More) From Birdbrains

Continued from Back Page

Common Loon – *Gavia immer* (excerpt)

Voice: The Common Loon has a haunting, 3 part wail.

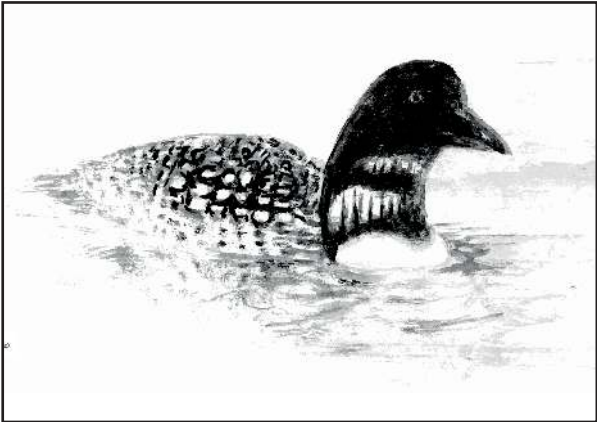
Habitat: Common Loons prefer large, clear lakes and coastal habitats where they can catch small fish by sight. Because they are so heavy, they need long stretches of open water to take off for flight. Their legs, placed far back on their bodies cause them to swim exceptionally well but walk awkwardly.

Psalm of the Loon

Did you hear him calling along the blue morning?
His throat filled with sorrow on the lake?
Tears falling from carnelian eyes?
Did you see the thrash, a froth of waves,
before he dove, in search of her still?

He arches his neck, lifts his dark head.
a sip of deep water in his sharp black beak.
His wings open. He calls, the sound
shimmers in the air, leaves a residue.
Regret. A vast grief that mutes him.
He lifts off as shadow, as a relic mist.
Do you see sparks on the water? Reflected
sunlight? Candles lit for a mass of the dead?
Can you see her, unmoving, just below?

~ Pamela Moore Dionne



Sumi-e painting by Hiroko Seki

Pamela Moore Dionne is a frequent birder and a Port Townsend, WA poet/writer/visual artist. She is the author of two chapbooks, and can be found at www.pamelamooredionne.com.

Dr. Stephanie Delaney (Bird Notes) has been birding seriously since the pandemic, submitting birds most days in eBird, with over 1500 reports submitted to date. She is especially interested in urban birding and teaching more diverse audiences the joys of the bird world.

Hiroko Seki (Artist) is a Nihonga and Sumi-e artist: “I enshrine moments from nature. Nature draws in my senses. Sumi-ink, soy, and dye drive innovation in my Sumi-e.”

Dolly

Driving I-90 through the dark Wyoming night
summer 1972, two-thirds the way
from Philly to Seattle,
no one waiting at my destination,
the only radio station in the whole
godforsaken state was Country.

I had been *traveling to the beat*
of a different drum singing Linda Ronstadt
to myself, belting *changing horses in midstream*
from the all-girl Fanny album when I started
fiddling with the radio dial.

Tired of my own voice,
dialing through the nighttime static,
I came to that Country station again
and stopped there in pure desperation.

Out of the radio with the force
of an explosion came a clear
piercing soprano voice crooning
about a girl named Jolene,
begging her please don't take my man.

Riveting, a woman speaking truth
to all us young women
who recognized that amazing
popular girl with all the charm
and pizzazz in the world
as she conquered all the guys
with a toss of her head leaving the rest
of us scrabblers only crumbs.
~ Laura C. Lippman

Laura C. Lippman is a retired family practice physician and poet. Her two collections of poetry, *The Catastrophist's Daughter* and *My Radioactive Heart* have just been released. Her book reading at Vashon Bookshop on Thursday, Sept. 17, 5 pm.

Honoring Autumn: Food as Stewardship

Continued from Front Page

Every dollar we spend reflects our values. The wonder question is: *what kind of food system am I choosing to participate in?* The food on the table represents hundreds of quiet choices about land, water, labor, animals, farmers, fishermen, sustainability and the future. Food becomes an expression of values. That choice starts long before it reaches the table.

Before Sunrise

Morning coffee at 4:45 a.m., South Puget Sound. Point Defiance is still dark, the water black and flat. We’re out in Marine Area 11, running the boat slow along the tide line, watching for foam and drop-offs – the places where baitfish stack up and salmon come to feed.

The cold sits on everything until the sun clears the Cascades and the water turns pink, then gold. Then a rod tip slams down – a 12-pound Coho – and it’s all excitement: laughter, somebody yelling for the net, the fish thrashing boat-side, and then it’s finally in, and everybody’s yipping and grinning at once.

That’s the work behind every plate – hands on the water, hands in the soil, hours before most of us are even awake. Choosing what’s local and honest puts that same stewardship into practice, one meal at a time.

Grilled Puget Sound Coho Salmon with Blackberry-Peach Salsa

Serves four

Ingredients

- 24 oz wild-caught Coho salmon fillet
- 2 tbsp avocado oil
- 1 tsp sea salt
- ½ tsp cracked black pepper
- 1 lemon, zested and juiced
- 1 cup fresh blackberries, chopped
- 1 ripe peach, diced small
- 1 shallot, finely diced
- 2 tbsp fresh basil, chopped
- 1 jalapeño, seeded and minced
- 1 tbsp olive oil
- ⅓ cup toasted hazelnuts, chopped
- 1 lb green beans, trimmed
- 2 garlic cloves, thinly sliced



Directions

1. Mix blackberries, peach, shallot, basil, jalapeño, olive oil, and half the lemon. Set aside.
2. Pat salmon dry, rub with avocado oil, season with salt and pepper. Rest 10 minutes.
3. Grill skin-side down, medium-high, lid closed, 8-10 minutes per side until opaque.
4. Sauté green beans and garlic in avocado oil until charred in spots.
5. Squeeze remaining lemon over salmon. Plate over green beans, top with salsa and hazelnuts.

Roasted Delicata Squash with Chanterelles, Apple, and Sage

Serves four

Ingredients

- 1½ lb delicata squash, sliced into half-moons
- 2 tbsp avocado oil, divided
- ¾ tsp sea salt, divided
- ¼ tsp black pepper
- 8 oz chanterelle mushrooms,* torn into pieces (cremini mushrooms work as a substitute)
- 2 tbsp ghee
- 1 shallot, thinly sliced
- 1 sprig fresh thyme
- 1 crisp apple (Honeycrisp or Gala), thinly sliced
- 1 tbsp apple cider vinegar
- ¼ cup toasted walnuts, chopped
- A few fresh sage leaves, sliced



Directions

1. Roast squash at 425°F with 1 tbsp oil, half the salt, and pepper until caramelized, about 25 minutes.
2. Sear chanterelles in remaining oil, undisturbed, until golden.
3. Add ghee, shallot, and thyme; cook until shallot softens.
4. Add apple, cook 2 minutes. Deglaze with vinegar, season with remaining salt.
5. Fold in roasted squash. Top with walnuts and sage.

* Wipe chanterelles clean rather than rinsing, or they won’t brown.

Butternut Squash, Chocolate Mousse, Brownies, and Cake All In One Recipe

(Yes, it’s low-sugar, gluten-free, high-protein, and delicious)

By March Twisdale

What do you see in your social media feed? We all know about “the algorithm” that funnels content toward individuals, but how often do we acknowledge our role in what shows up? The algorithm is like the perfect mirror, reflecting back to us our own online activity and behavior.

Think on that for a minute. It means, “We get more of what we show interest in.” So, ask yourself a question: “What does my feed say about me?”

My feed is swimming in healthy recipes. Not because I am a health nut, but because I want to be! I can scroll for hours, copying and saving recipe after recipe in the notes section of my phone. But you know what? Recipes only improve our health when we make them and eat them! (Who knew?) New rule for me: stop scrolling and start cooking!

This one is super-delicious, easy to make, awesome fresh out of the oven, perfect as a leftover, and it’s easy to adjust or add ingredients as you so choose. Currently, I work two jobs (at least) and do my week’s worth of cooking on Sundays. This recipe turns into a bunch of pre-packed servings in my fridge that I can grab anytime I want. YUM + HEALTHY.

Cut a butternut squash in half lengthwise. Remove seeds, place flat side down on a cooking sheet or in a pan with some water and bake at 400° for about 25 minutes until soft (skin may get a slightly toasty look to it). Peel off the skin and set aside until cool.

I use a blender. If it’s a small squash, maybe I can get it all done in one batch. If larger, I’ll split all ingredients and do two batches. The ingredients below go with an average sized butternut squash.

Ingredients

Blending step

- Cooled, baked butternut squash (skin removed)
 - 4 raw eggs (some people use only egg whites)
 - ¾ cup cocoa powder (I choose a good quality, organic option: you could also use carob powder)
 - ¾ cup gluten-free, rolled oats ground into flour (I use a coffee bean grinder)
 - ¾ cup buckwheat flour (I buy it already ground into flour)
 - 1-2 tsp baking powder (I add this to the above dry flours for better distribution)
 - 2 tbsp maple syrup & monk fruit drops (to taste)*
 - A healthy dash of salt
 - 1-2 tsp vanilla (mine is homemade with vanilla beans soaked in vodka)
 - ½ to 1 cup cold-brew espresso (enough to help the mixture blend smoothly)
 - At the end: 1 cup dark chocolate wafer cut into smaller pieces (80% or stronger chocolate)
- * Note: I also add maple syrup later, when I eat it, so I make it very LOW sweetness.

Serving step

- Yogurt (I prefer whole fat, plain – I’m adding a creamy aspect, not altering flavor)
- Cottage cheese (again, I go with whole fat, but you do you!)

Add all wet ingredients, blend. Combine dry ingredients in a separate bowl, then add to the blender (add extra cold brew coffee if necessary to get a thick and only barely pour-able consistency. At the end, toss in the chocolate chunks and either blend very briefly or stir into the mix once you’ve poured it into the baking pan. You want the chunks

Vashon!

Do you have a favorite recipe you’d like to share with others and see published in The Loop?



Share it with us at editor@vashonloop.com

to stay chunky and not be blended up too fine.

Pour mix into baking pan (aiming for about 2 inches thick, it will not rise much, so a couple of loaf pans or a deep casserole dish works well). MAKE SURE TO USE PARCHMENT PAPER! NO OIL OR BUTTER. I find that crumpling the paper up in your hands first is a neat trick for easy placement in whatever shaped pan you’re using.

Bake at 350-375° for 25-35 minutes, until the top looks cooked but the center is a bit jiggly. Take it out, let it sit for 10-15 minutes, lift it out with the parchment paper, it should hold its shape enough to set on a cutting board. Eat now warm, or let sit until cool enough to portion it out and pop in the fridge!

If you eat it warm, it’s like moist cake on the bottom and mousse in the middle, with a lightly firm top. Perfect alone or with yogurt (I think it would be too rich with ice cream). Once it cools, portion it out into mason jars or Tupperware containers AND here’s the kicker! Add both yogurt AND cottage cheese! The yogurt adds creaminess, the cottage cheese adds protein and a tang to the chocolatey sweetness, especially if you pour a bit of maple syrup on it later.

Of course, you can hide all sorts of wonderful things in a dish like this, from protein powder, to fiber supplements, to you name it! But, I recommend starting with it as it is, so you get the full-blown awesome experience before you start experimenting with added stuff. Enjoy!

mRNA Again

The Flu This Time

By Caitlin Rothermel

The Loop has a reputation for being anti-vaccine. This is the case even though the only injectable drugs we’ve discussed are the COVID-19 mRNA (messenger RNA) shots. We can live with this.

Let’s look now at the first mRNA flu vaccine, developed by Moderna and approved in August by the United States Food and Drug Administration for adults age 50 years and older. As always, see the online version of this story for links to the source documents used.

The Limitations of Traditional Flu Vaccines

Influenza vaccine development is a global effort, led by the World Health Organization. Each year, researchers evaluate multiple types of data, as well as recent patterns of flu spread, to anticipate and select which strains will matter most in the coming season.

Roughly half a dozen types of conventional flu vaccine are available in the U.S, but all are designed around these seasonal strains. However, flu viruses continue to evolve after strains are selected, so – year by year – the match between vaccines and viruses can vary substantially.

Alongside this uncertainty, how well the flu vaccine works varies each year. Since 2009, annual estimates of effectiveness (defined as laboratory-confirmed influenza cases) have ranged from 11% to 60%, but are usually between 30% and 50%. In 2025-2026, effectiveness was 36%.

At the same time, research in the community – a literature review looking at older adults not living in long-term care, and a recent cohort study of Cleveland Clinic employees, have found a mix of modest, uncertain, and even negative benefits from flu vaccination. And, adult flu vaccination rates have steadily begun to decline again since a COVID-era peak, falling to 42% in the 2024-25 season.

In short, traditional flu vaccines are what accountants call a “declining asset.” This was signaled by U.S. health leaders in a 2022 manuscript co-authored by former National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases official David Morens and Director Anthony Fauci, stating:

“After more than 60 years of experience, very little improvement in vaccine prevention of [influenza] infection has been noted ... The rates of effectiveness of our best approved influenza vaccines would be inadequate for licensure for

Health Matters

most other vaccine-preventable diseases. Even decades-long efforts ... have not yet resulted in next-generation, broadly protective vaccines ... ”

Enter mRNA. Its potential added benefits in influenza vaccination were described in a 2020 article, also co-authored by Dr. Fauci, as including faster vaccine production, potentially allowing for later strain selection, and greater flexibility to adjust vaccines to respond more quickly to changing flu viruses.

How Does the mRNA Flu Vaccine Work?

Both conventional and mRNA influenza vaccines primarily target hemagglutinin (HA). HA is an antigen – a substance the immune system can recognize and respond to.

HA provides a good target because it sits on the virus’ surface and plays a critical role in allowing the virus to enter respiratory tract cells. During an infection, HA first binds the virus to the surface of a cell. Then, the cell takes the virus inside, where the virus releases genetic material, hijacks normal cell functioning, and begins to make copies of itself.

Both vaccine types are injected into the muscle of the upper arm. In that area, and in nearby lymph nodes, the vaccine material encounters immune cells.

A conventional flu vaccine directly provides the immune system with the targeted HA. The system responds by making antibodies – proteins designed to recognize and bind to specific antigens – directed against that HA type.

An mRNA flu vaccine delivers mRNA – a genetic message containing instructions to make the HA protein. The mRNA is packaged in tiny fat-based particles – lipid nanoparticles – that allow it to enter into cells (see the callout for more information on nanoparticle delivery). Once inside the cell, cellular structures read the mRNA’s instructions and assemble the corresponding HA protein. The immune system recognizes the newly made HA as an antigen and responds by producing antibodies.

Related to influenza prevention, the next step is essentially the same for both vaccine types: If a flu virus with similar HA later enters the body, the antibodies can recognize and attach to the virus’ HA, blocking it from successfully entering and infecting cells.

Ultimately and importantly, both vaccination

approaches use different methods to achieve a similar goal – an antibody-directed response against HA. Whether these different approaches translate into substantially different outcomes is the open question.

The Data By the Numbers

FDA approval was based on two large, randomized trials that compared the mRNA vaccine with conventional flu vaccines. One measured whether the vaccines actually prevented influenza; the second measured the antibody responses produced.

The prevention study included more than 40,000 adults aged 50 years and older, assigned to receive either the mRNA vaccine or a standard-dose flu vaccine. No placebo was used, so none of the comparisons discussed can be compared to being injected with saline water. Researchers tracked participants for about six months looking for cases of lab-diagnosed flu.

Compared to the conventional vaccine, the mRNA vaccine reduced laboratory-confirmed influenza by 26.6%, which was statistically significant. In absolute terms, this was a difference of about 0.7 percentage points – 2.0% vs. 2.8% developed confirmed flu, with stronger results for influenza A than influenza B. Translated, that reduction means that, to prevent one additional flu case, about 137 people needed to receive the mRNA instead of the conventional vaccine.

In terms of safety, short-term reactions were substantially more common with the mRNA vaccine. Most were mild or moderate and lasted a day or two. These are the kind of disruptions that can effectively end your productive day and maybe also make the next day hard – this happened to 6.4% of mRNA recipients compared to 1.0% receiving the standard-dose vaccine.

As pointed out by the Rational Health Substack, this ” ... works out to roughly one

Lipid Nanoparticles (LNPs)

Used to deliver mRNA, LNPs can activate several inflammatory pathways; this can manifest as injection-site pain, fatigue, muscle aches, headache, and fever.

LNPs are often described as benign, transient delivery vehicles that exist only for a few days in the body. But evidence from the last few years suggests this is not accurate.

More recent literature complicates the risk:benefit and promise of LNPs. Some investigators classify LNPs as dangerous sources of ongoing bodily dysregulation, while others see existing toxicology problems as design challenges to overcome.

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mRNA Again

Continued from Page 9

additional day-stopping reaction for every 22 people vaccinated, against one case of illness prevented for every 137.” A numerical comparison like this offers some perspective on short-term risk.

People were also more likely to feel the mRNA vaccine after injection. The most common reactions were the same with both vaccines, but again occurred more frequently with mRNA than conventional: injection-site pain (66% vs. 30%), fatigue (45% vs. 20%), headache (38% vs. 18%), and muscle pain (35% vs. 12%). Serious adverse events – meaning hospitalization, life-threatening illness, disability, or death – happened at similar rates (2.2% vs. 1.9%).

An important note for older people – this study compared the mRNA vaccine with a standard-dose flu vaccine, but this is not the vaccine generally recommended for adults age 65 and older.

Because of this, another study was conducted in this age group. It compared the mRNA vaccine with a higher-dose vaccine, but looked only at

antibody response, not efficacy. The mRNA vaccine produced stronger antibody responses against all flu strains tested – about 10% to 30% higher at 29 days, again with an advantage for influenza A strains.

Safety findings mirrored the prevention study, both in terms of overall patterns and how often events occurred. Short-term reactions, mostly mild or moderate, were substantially more common with the mRNA than the high-dose vaccine. Reactions severe enough to prevent normal daily activities were also more common with mRNA.

Two additional points – In those 75 years and older, the mRNA vaccine’s antibody advantage wasn’t apparent; responses to the two vaccines were generally similar. The study also excluded people with immunodeficiency or immunosuppressive conditions.

My conclusion? The available research provides no information on whether the mRNA vaccine can solve the problems it was identified to address – variable effectiveness and imperfect strain matching. As the evidence stands, the current evidence also fails to show how these vaccines could address the greater problem of limited

overall effectiveness identified as a challenge by health leaders. One thing we do know for sure is that this product is likely to make you physically uncomfortable.

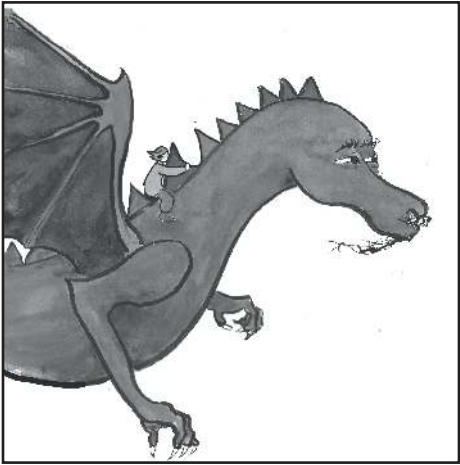
Some Practical Notes

In terms of fall availability, glitches exist. Normally, the CDC’s Advisory Committee on Immunization Practices (ACIP) would weigh in before vaccinations began. This year, its March and June meetings were cancelled because of ongoing litigation, and its next meeting is not until October.

FDA approval means the mRNA vaccine can be sold, but its coverage by private insurers remains unclear.

In Washington, the Department of Health says the vaccine is “expected to be available commercially for the upcoming respiratory season but currently isn’t included in the WA Adult Vaccine Program,” which supplies vaccines for uninsured adults.

Illustration
by Suzanna
Leigh



My Name Is Puff

By Suzanna Leigh

My name is Puff. Well it used to be. That’s what Jackie Paper called me. Such fine times we had! Sailing the high seas, getting homage from pirates and princes. Sometimes I took him flying high over the land and we looked down at the little towns and villages below.

It was so cute, the way he brought me strings and ceiling wax. Who knew dragons and humans could be friends, even companions?

Ahh, but humans have such short lives, and little boys in particular grow up faster than you can imagine. When Jackie abandoned me for his soccer buddies and motorcycles, it broke my heart for a while. I felt betrayed. I slipped into my cave, thinking I would just stay there forever. And I did stay for almost a millennia.

Then it happened.

I was discovered by a little girl.

How she found my cave I will never know.

It was an accident, she said. She was running away from a terrible monster who had moved into her home and eaten her mother. She ran into the forest (Forest? There was no forest around my cave when I crawled into it) and had run for a day and a night and another day. She only rested for a short time before she continued on. During the second night, she was thrashing through the underbrush when she fell through a hole.

At first, it was so dark she couldn’t see anything, and she was scared! There was no way she could climb back up. She felt along the sides of the hole and found a passage. She felt along the passage for what seemed like a long ways, until she saw a faint glow ahead. It was the glow of my scales!

This was one courageous girl! I was asleep, and had been for a few hundred years, so you can imagine it was no easy job for her to wake me up. First she tapped on my thigh. No response. Then she tapped on my paw. I stirred a little bit, she told me. Then she took a deep breath and

began stroking my nose! Ah! Mmm! As anyone knows, or used to know, if you want to wake a dragon up gently, and in a good mood, you stroke his nose.

I was dreaming that Jackie came back, ready to play. Imagine my surprise when I opened my eyes to see, not Jackie, but a little girl!

She was shivering, and looked as though no one had given her a proper meal in days. Which was probably true even before she ran away. I expected her to turn around and run when I opened my jaws, but no! She stepped back and stared into my left eye. She seemed in no hurry to leave.

Had no one taught her about dragons? No stories about dragons eating princesses or little girls?

“Who are you?!” I asked in my most threatening voice. It didn’t scare her.

“I am Melody. Who are you?” She asked.

Oh goodness, who am I? I used to be called Puff, but wasn’t I someone else before that?

“Um, I ... my best friend ... called me Puff.”

Llaughing Llamas Chronicles

By Daniel Hooker

A child asked his father, “Can you explain what a solar eclipse is?”

The father said, “No, Son.”

~

As I wake up to my first cup of dark French Revolutionary roasted coffee, I wonder if I should have another.

Nah, it’s decapitated.

~

Did you hear about the parishioner who got asked to leave the church because he made a statement that Jesus had a lisp just like he did?

It was quite a slap in the faith.

Warning: Do not tell this joke to Mike Tyson. He might beat you to the punch line.

~

Q: How do you tell the sexes of ants?

A: You put them in a bowl of water. The females sink, and the males are buoy ants.

~

I went to a restaurant and the waiter asked me if I wanted to box for my leftovers after my meal. I said, I don’t like fighting.

That’s a quick joke with a punch line.

~

I went to Thriftway the other day. I don’t want to sound conceited, but I’m pretty sure the cashier was checking me out.

~

Do you remember when plastic surgery was a taboo subject?

Now when you talk about botox, nobody even raises an eyebrow.

That’s a deadpan joke.

~

I have a serious condition where I steal library books.

I should probably get it checked out.

~

Q: What do you call a computer that can sing?

A: A Dell.

Yep, that’s a quick joke. It’s got a lot of bits in it.

~

Q: What do you call a woman who is really bad at drawing?

A: Tracey.



Math Puzzle

By Anne Cotter Moses

Three Houses

- In each house lives one person who eats one thing and owns one pet.
1. The three houses are in a row.
 2. The salad eater has a dog.
 3. The pizza eater lives next to the house with a cat.
 4. The brown house is furthest to the right.
 5. The middle house is red.
 6. A pet mouse lives in the green house.

Question:
What color house does the burrito eater live in?

See bottom right corner of Page 11 for the Solution

Aries (March 20-April 19)

There is an expression attributed to Anais Nin (1903-1977) that says, “We don’t see things as they are. We see things as we are.” A Course in Miracles offers a similar idea: projection makes perception. In other words, we see our thoughts and feelings projected onto the world and we take that for reality. When you hear yourself say the word “believe,” train yourself to get a chill and stop where you stand. Ask what that belief conceals. Ask where it came from. It’s crucial to remember at all times that we live in a hall of mirrors known as the digital environment. With Mars so active in your chart, it will be easy to go into an emotionally reactive state, and you must be vigilant against this as well through the month – but especially around the Full Moon on the 26th. There will be significant profit in restraint, and will be worth the difficulty and challenges in attaining it.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

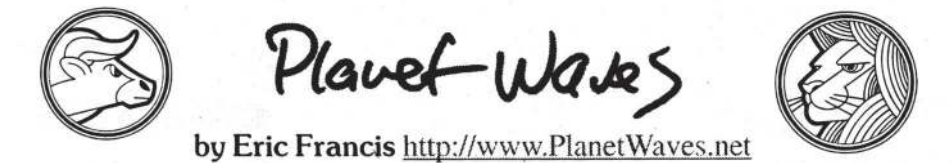
Notice the difference this month after Chiron retreats from Taurus back into Aries for the last time. When Chiron returns to your sign on April 14, 2027 (where it will be for about eight years), it will stand as one of a very few factors left in the feminine signs. Not ladylike; I mean the yin, watery, earthy, receptive, procreative and nourishing qualities of life. All the major sign transits of the past couple of years have been out of feminine signs (Taurus, Capricorn, Pisces and others) and into masculine signs (Gemini, Aquarius and Aries). Chiron will be on an urgent mission in the coming era, as the global crisis calls everyone close to the Earth they have alienated. You will be in personal possession of the focusing power necessary for this to happen. Chiron’s presence gives you significant responsibility; think of yourself as a world servant working locally, wherever you are. What sums up everything is simply this: you must learn to discern when you’re being honest with yourself and when you are not. Make no assumptions, including that the answer to this is simple.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

Life under the influence of “social media” and now make-believe digital people has reduced planetary consciousness to a junior high schoolyard on a bad day. The bullies have crawled out from under their rocks and are sunning themselves when they’re not hassling the rest of us; the tribes are getting more tribal. Many people somehow think that a string of libelous expletives, the unboxing of 100 Gucci pocketbooks or a mansion rented by the hour equals... credibility. As we enter the thick of this crisis – we have not seen the worst of it yet – you are uniquely suited to have something extraordinarily rare: environmental awareness. The recent arrival of Sedna in your sign (lasting another 50 years or so) describes you as being able to sense the invisible, like raptors sense the thermal air columns that power their flight. The essential lesson is that you learn how to tune in deeply enough, and for long enough, to trust yourself.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You continue to be confronted by circumstances that are outside of your control but not your ability to maneuver. Yet it’s critical that you see



two things. One is how directly they source into your childhood and family imprinting, which established your worldview. To this end: you may have analyzed your parents to death and gotten nowhere; but have you sized up the psyche of each of your grandparents? What, exactly, was it about each of them? Second is being clear with yourself about what you want from your time on Earth. For Cancer, what you do is integrally connected to who you are. Others may be able to dodge this; they may be able to build their career on motives like earning a living or seeming important. You do not have this false luxury. Don’t let anyone throw you off of your own scent or commitment to your truth.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

The world is still vibrating like an enormous bell from the rare, mid-August eclipse of the Sun in your birth sign. The corresponding lunar eclipse in Pisces occurred on Friday, Aug. 28. This arrived with a jolt designed to get out of your own way and have some direct experience of your potential. Leo is the ultimate “look at me” sign, though you seem reluctant to have people see that you might attempt something and fail or even display imperfection. Whatever you do going forward will require both the risk of leadership and of standing alone. Pluto is now rooted into Aquarius, your relationship area. The lunar eclipse of Aug. 28 opened some doors and closed others, drawing back the veil on the true nature of your commitments. Be honest with yourself.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

A magnificent but nearly forgotten book “The Lazy Man’s Guide to Enlightenment” begins with the line, “We are equal beings and the universe is our relationships with one another.” For you especially, relationships are the universe – of your identity and sense of context on Earth. This is due to the location of Aries in your chart: the sign of self in the place most influenced by the presence of other. Virgo-infused Chiron now returns to Aries for about six months, which will help you consolidate all that you’ve learned in the past nine years. Between 2018 (when Chiron first entered Aries) and today, sense of self, and self-awareness, have been bombed into what I would call the Woke Age of hyperbolic identity politics. How do you feel when you witness people having their reputations destroyed? If you feel empathy and want it to stop, you’re doing well.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

The Aug. 28 lunar eclipse in Pisces reminded you of your need to take care of yourself. I don’t mean this in the usual TikTok influencer way, with \$300 bath oil. I mean it in the free-of-charge way, which is about being emotionally centered, working at a human pace and keeping the sabbath holy. Pisces is your reminder to allow your creativity to do the lifting – with ideas that it’s your mind’s job to shape into something useful and beneficial. Move your desk near a window and work as close to

plants, cats and dogs as possible. On the 22nd/23rd, the Sun moves into your birth sign and everything will make a lot more sense. Then on the 26th, the Full Moon in Aries shines a strange light on your relationships. By strange, I mean that Neptune is involved, and its cousin Borasisi. Question everything, until you feel like you have probed into what is true and what is not and have your bearings. Your true freedom resides in your self-awareness – which is a creature in constant motion.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Every day you will meet a few experts; and every now and then you know more than they do in their field of specialty and they’re revealed as charlatans or fools. Yet you could fall prey to this state of mind yourself. With Jupiter arching across the top of your solar chart, the trap to fall for is your own authority. This might take any number of forms, but particularly of knowledge, and pride in your knowledge. The remedy is curiosity. For every statement you make, I suggest you have a strong component of “this is the part I don’t know about, and I’m planning to find out.” With Jupiter now in Leo (and Leo on the 10th all the time) it’s difficult to have any semblance of humility. Yet that’s your only hedge against falling into a trap.

“This moment in your life is offering you many unique pleasures, but you’ll miss the point if you feel like you’re being pushed beyond your limits.” – Allen Ginsberg

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

I suggest you tone down the “I do what I want when I want and play by my own rules” thing. You exist in an entirely different reality than you did even one year ago. The line of sight from Gemini, your opposite sign, to Sagittarius, is being confronted by the vast unknown cosmos. The usual line of sight from Sagittarius to Gemini is “look at that cute little planet!” Developments over the past year have, however, thrust you into your environment in a way that demands awareness. Taking Sagittarius-oriented Chiron as your guide, you need to keep four feet on the ground. Think of yourself as an animal having a human experience rather than as a spiritual being having a human experience. Upcoming Chiron in Taurus, lasting for eight years starting in April, will be about being close to the actual Earth rather than your idea about it.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You want the world to be a better place, but it’s not that easy to make it so. It’s easy to give up; and a temptation to retreat into cynicism and a defeatist attitude. You’re on this planet with a commitment and a purpose. You’re likely to be feeling the burden of the past, related to your family – which you can see on a global scale. Please, get out of the house; find a haunt or a hangout or check out the bars and just see what’s happening. If you stay home too much you will languish and grow depressed. Take a trip somewhere, for fun. At least 100 miles away from where you live. And do your part every day to make the world a little more beautiful.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Pluto in your sign is a bit of a loaded gun. You surely don’t want to challenge authority, and the social order must be maintained even at the cost of hiding your true talent under a ten-gallon hat. Meanwhile this Pluto in your sign thing fans out via other planets into Aries (for you, thinking and writing), Gemini (for you, risk and creativity), Virgo (contracts and mutual expectations), Libra (the merging of spiritual and social), and finally lastest but not leastest, the Family Hunger Games show coming in via your dreams. Your wacky grandma keeps appearing and telling you that you’re too fat, too skinny, too smart, too stupid, too feminine or not feminine enough. Jupiter, its rings and its 115 moons meanwhile are dangling the world in front of you like a plum. There must be more to life than holding your breath. I suggest you shake it up. Get moving. Get in the face of the world. Most of all, know when you don’t know.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Scratch a Pisces and you’ll find a Virgo under their skin. That’s the theme of the Aug. 28 lunar eclipse in your sign, which is loaded with more Virgo than the FBI counterfeit documents fabrication bureau. Muster all your confidence and come on strong, stronger and strongest. For a Pisces that’s still approximately seven on a scale of 10, so don’t worry. Assert thyself, enact thy plans, and cast off the personality husk that has contained you like a tight shoe. As regards all that Virgo, you must forget that the world thinks it’s one colossal H.R. department that has banned kissing within city limits. Act like you have not a care in the world – and you will triumph over the concerns that you have. Most of those are emotional and not material; and to the extent that you gain control over your emotional life you will have mastery over the material. Eclipses are a time to end and to begin, and then the sky shifts into your sign of creative wealth, Libra. Stay tuned – to yourself.

“I Get It!”

MATH TUTORING

Anne Moses

206-355-2222

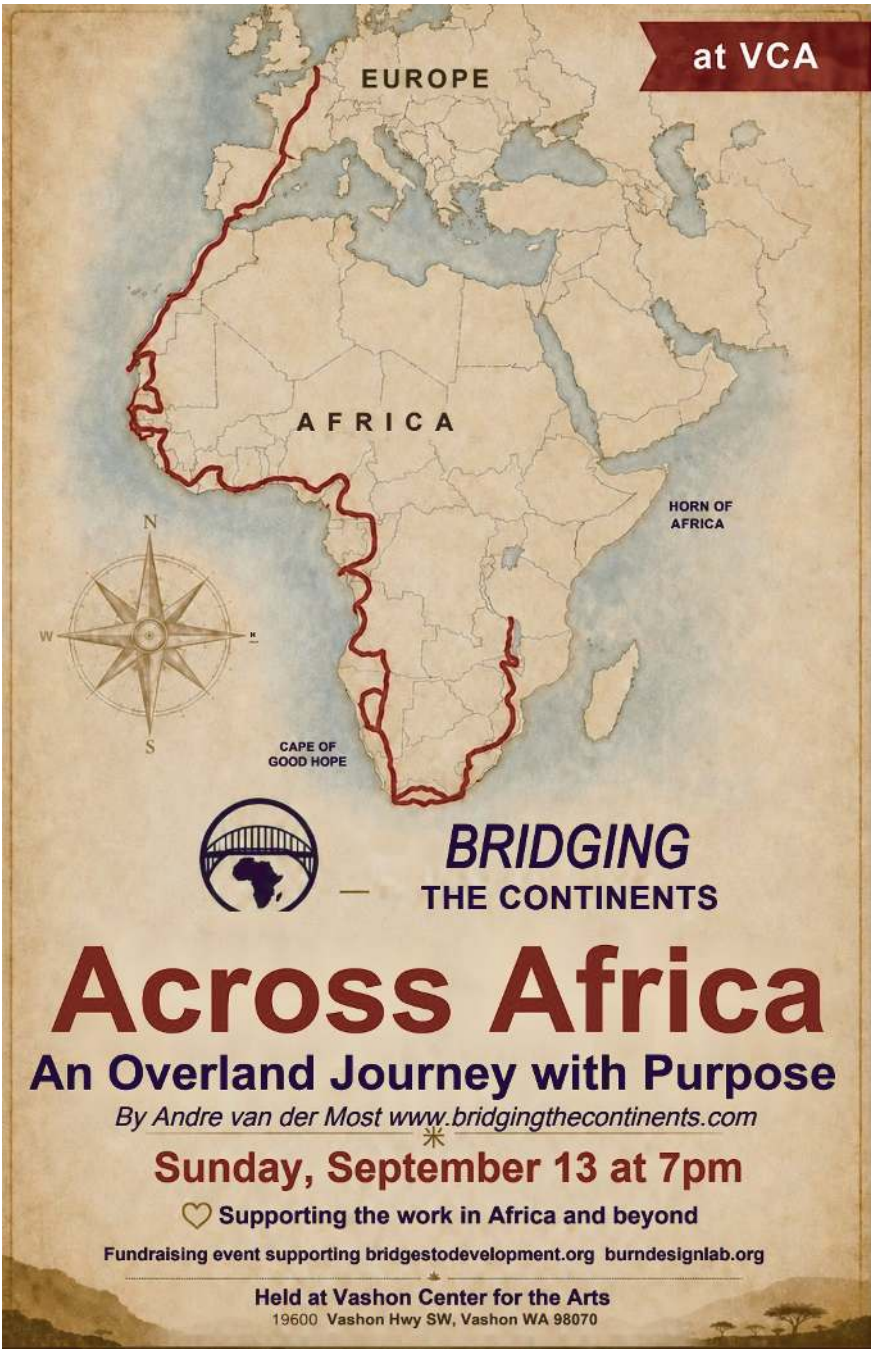
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Math Puzzle Solution

By Anne Cotter Moses



Answer: The burrito eater lives in a red house.



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Island poetry in these pages

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Poetry Reading at the Vashon Bookshop

September 16, 2026
5 pm

Laura C. Lipmann will be introducing two new poetry collections: *The Catastrophist's Daughter* and *My Radioactive Heart: Poems of Memoir and Becoming*.

All are welcome.

Read Laura's poem, "Dolly," on Page 7



In July issue's "With Wand and Shawl: the Investiture of Vashon's New Co-Poets Laureate," we welcomed Iris Spring and C. Hunter Davis into this shared role. Please enjoy a poem by Iris Dawn Spring.

For a Friend

Sometimes I think if you.
I wonder, do you think of me too?
Don't think that I've forgotten you,
did you?

One time I promised you,
we would always see it through.
I never thought I'd break my promises
to you.

promises, oh promises
promises, oh promises

I never thought I'd break my promises
to you.

At times I dream of you,
and it feels just like it used to be.
And when I wake I am so glad to have seen you.
I miss you.

I'll always remember when
you were my best friend.
It's so sad and sweet to reminisce of then,
and you.

reminisce oh reminisce
reminisce oh reminisce

It's so sad and sweet to reminisce of then,
and you.

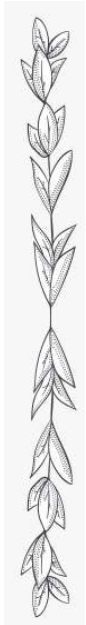
~ Iris Dawn Spring, Vashon Poet Laureate

Iris is a born and raised, multi-generational Vashon Islander. She has facilitated local poetry gatherings and workshops since returning home to the island in 2017, guided by the understanding that poetry is for everyone. She firmly believes in the power of poetry as a force for social cohesion, and as a catalyst for positive change in this crazy world.



Contact us if you want to advertise in The Vashon Loop or share an idea for a story!

editor@vashonloop.com



Strangely, one of the most radical things you can do right now is simply to pay close attention to your surroundings and experiences, and to believe what you see, not what you're told you should see.



~ Amanda Fortini

Two Poems (and More) From Birdbrains

A Lyrical Guide to Washington State Birds

Birdbrains: A Lyrical Guide to Washington State Birds, edited by Susan Rich, is a one-of-a-kind Washington State bird guide. The anthology includes original pen and ink sumi-e paintings by artist Hiroko Seki, bird fact notes, and short poems/stories/memoir. Poems/prose are bird-focused rather than human centered. The bird notes include information about song, call, mating rituals, habitat, migration, climate, dark comedy, and fun facts.



Photograph and Poem by Claudia Hollander-Lucas

Ober Park

end of summer
where are the dancers?



a small edge to winter
here come the knitters

By Claudia Hollander-Lucas

Claudia is a visual artist, writer, book-maker, and long-time Islander. Visit: claudiahollander-lucas.com

We at The Loop are delighted to introduce you to this anthology. Over the next few months we will feature poems, excerpts from the bird fact notes, which are written by Stephanie Delaney, and Hiroko Seki's beautiful sumi-e paintings. Enjoy!

Double-Crested Cormorant - *Phalacrocorax auritus* (excerpt)

Description: The Double-crested Cormorant is a large black water bird with blue eyes, a yellow-orange bill, and a yellow chin area. They are very social birds, and you often find them in large colonies, for example on Protection Island.

Habitat: You'll find the Double-crested Cormorant year-round in almost any aquatic area, as they are highly adaptable. They are the only cormorant that you'll find in inland areas. Look for them in coastal areas, lakes, swamps with perches for resting and drying off - as they are favorite locations for these excellent divers. They swim underwater to catch bottom fish, holding their wings at their sides.

Warriors of the Storm

Pelagic cormorants'
wings kited out in wind
twisted in thistle-sized rain.
Bunched on summer rafts
these warriors of winter
are servile to the sea.
Their bodies evolved
to keep up with this
catnip weather
feet clinch on ferry pilings
heughs heightened to elude prey,
slickened plumage to resist the
angry rain hissing on pilings.

~ C. Hunter Davis, Vashon Poet Laureate

C. Hunter Davis is Vashon co-poet laureate with Iris D. Spring. She lives among birds, writes a monthly column on birds for the Vashon-Maury I. Beachcomber, and sometimes wishes she was a bird. She has four published poetry books.

Continued on Page 7